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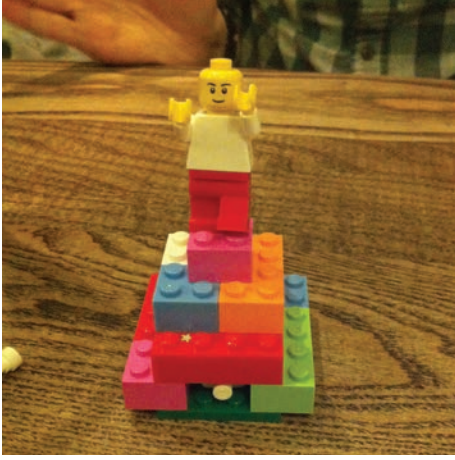
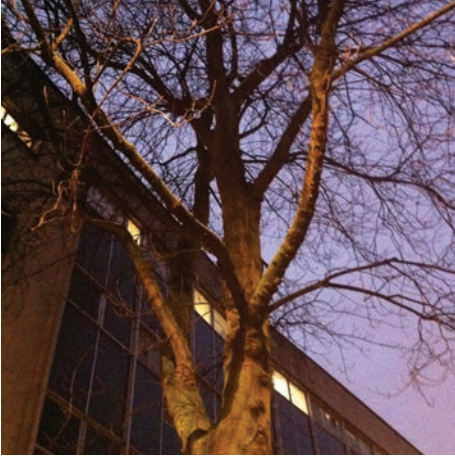
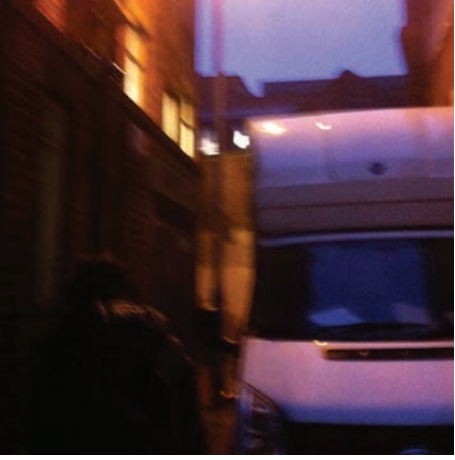
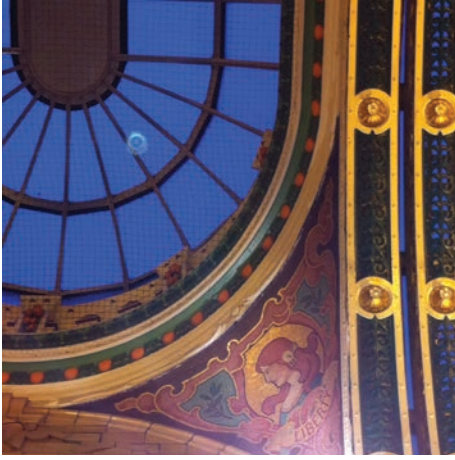
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URBAN CONSTELLATING

ESSAYS AND STUFF ABOUT LEEDS BY ZOË THOMPSON AND LYNNE HIBBERD





THE OWLS, CAN YOU SEE THEM? SILHOUETTES THROUGH EARLY EVENING DARKNESS

CITY SQUARE. TRAFFIC ROAR. MORN AND EVEN ATOP THEIR PLINTHS. THE CITY'S FATHERS AND THE BLACK PRINCE

URBAN CONSTELLATING

13.2.15

Will anyone come? Can they hear me over the Museum's music? Who are they anyway? I'm talking about my book. I'm stumbling over my words. What's the word that means ambivalent again? Lynne is talking and in a minute it will be my turn. There are faces I know. I avoid them. There are faces I don't know. But then the faces nod. The eyes smile in agreement. Someone says 'flanerie'. How many of you are from Leeds? Nobody nods. This is going to be a disaster. 'So', I say, 'that's really interesting, without a 'native gaze' you'll cast a different eye on the cityscape' (thanks Walter). We turn our gaze downwards and step across the vast map of Leeds that forms the museum's floor. I tear off tourist maps from a pad and hand them out. Then we are all looking at the map and my power of speech returns. What is the story that Leeds is telling about itself, I ask. Silences. Thinking. 'Shopping' says a voice, 'And also culture', says another. 'Well-connected... look at the prominence of the train station, the bus station. 'It's walkable, compact'. We stand in a circle. I explain about disrupting this story and ask if anyone has an S in their name. Two hands go up. Stephanie steps forward. She and I kneel on the floor and I hand her a marker. She scrawls a large S across the face of the Leeds map. 'We're going to walk the S', I say. Tell me what you see, psychogeographically, what you hear, smell, taste. The sights you've never noticed before, the overlooked corners that have missed your gaze. 'Do you do this every day?' asks a stranger. 'Or every week?' 'Are you from the museum?' No, we're from Leeds Beckett Uni, but do join us...' 'It sounds really interesting', says the stranger.

We exit into twilight drizzle. Stephanie has the map and leads us to the first point. She and Sarah are Masters of Architecture students. Neither know Leeds. Both are from the South, undergrads at Portsmouth and Kent respectively. Rush hour crowds. Pedestrian crossings. Into Merrion Gardens. 'Has anyone been here before?' People have been past but never through. Didn't know of the church or the gravestones that are fashioned as a pathway. Lights twinkle in bare-branched trees. The stench of marijuana wafts over from the teenage lads huddling against the church wall away from the drizzle. The church café – Age Concern – with its newly-renovated glass atrium, in darkness. Chained gates. A blue plaque. Metal pressed into stone. 1647. A church on this site for 368 years. An eerie face and hand hail us from the window of Sainsbury's staff room. Cardboard. Cut-out. Down and out. Cut back along Mark Lane. Cobbles. Slick with drizzle. The group splits and the leaders lead. The stragglers ponder Dortmund Square. We're missing the fat barrel man. 'What is that?' If we went by it I could tell you. Three heads nod. Jack snaps. It's to do with the fact that Leeds is twinned with Dortmund. That's a fat German guy with a beer barrel. 'Another national stereotype'. Cars, vans, bodies, move.

The lights change and take us into The Light. We pause on the threshold and enjoy the momentary lack of rain and the breeze blowing from the doorway's heater. A pseudo-public place. We can see that. Fake plants and pavement cafes. Covered roof and mediterranean-tiled floor. How can we feel that? What does this place want us → 8







URBAN CONSTELLATING 13 FEB 2015

CONSTELLATIONS VARIATIONS

A BUNCH OF RANDOMS IN LEEDS CITY MUSEUM PORING OVER A MAP MARKED WITH STEPHANIE'S S.

STEPHANIE'S S. WHAT IF WE HADN'T HAD A STEPHANIE? NOT EVERYBODY HAS A STEPHANIE OR EVEN AN S. HOW WOULD YOU DISRUPT THE FLOW?

WHAT STORIES DOES THE TOURIST MAP TELL US ABOUT LEEDS?

GUM ON THE PAVEMENTS, ON THE COBBLES, ON THE CONCRETE, ON THE GRAVESTONES. IS IT ART? WITH HINDSIGHT IT REMINDS ME OF MOSS PATCHES ON DRYSTONE WALLS. A LITTLE PIECE OF HOME IN LEEDS CITY CENTRE. IS THAT WHY I FIND IT SO FASCINATING? CAN'T STOP SEEING IT NOW.

LIVING AND THE DEAD INTERMINGLE. IS THIS DISRESPECTFUL? HOW LONG DO YOU HAVE TO BE DEAD BEFORE IT COUNTS AS A NOT-DEAD SPACE ANYMORE? IT'S GRUESOME. OH I QUITE LIKE IT. KARMA AND EVERYTHING. USE THE FORCE, LUKE.

BAD BOYS LOITER IN THE CORNER SMOKING MARIJUANA. ARE THE LIGHTS FROM CHRISTMAS OR IS IT ALWAYS TWINKLY HERE? LONE CYCLIST WAVERS DOWN THE CROWDED PAVEMENT, TWO LEDS MOMENTARILY BLIND ME. I THOUGHT I WAS GOING AGAINST THE FLOW BUT HE LOOKS MORE PRECARIOUS THAN US.

ABOMINATIONS, DESECRATIONS, BENJAMIN'S ILLUMINATIONS

WALKING PAST THE PIZZA PLACE. DIVERT, DIVERT! HOT GARLIC AND A BLAST OF WARM AIR POURS OUT ON TO THE STREET. I'D USUALLY BE INDIGNANT ABOUT GLOBAL WARMING BUT TONIGHT I STOP FOR A MICRO-BASK AND USE IT AS A SUGAR RUSH.

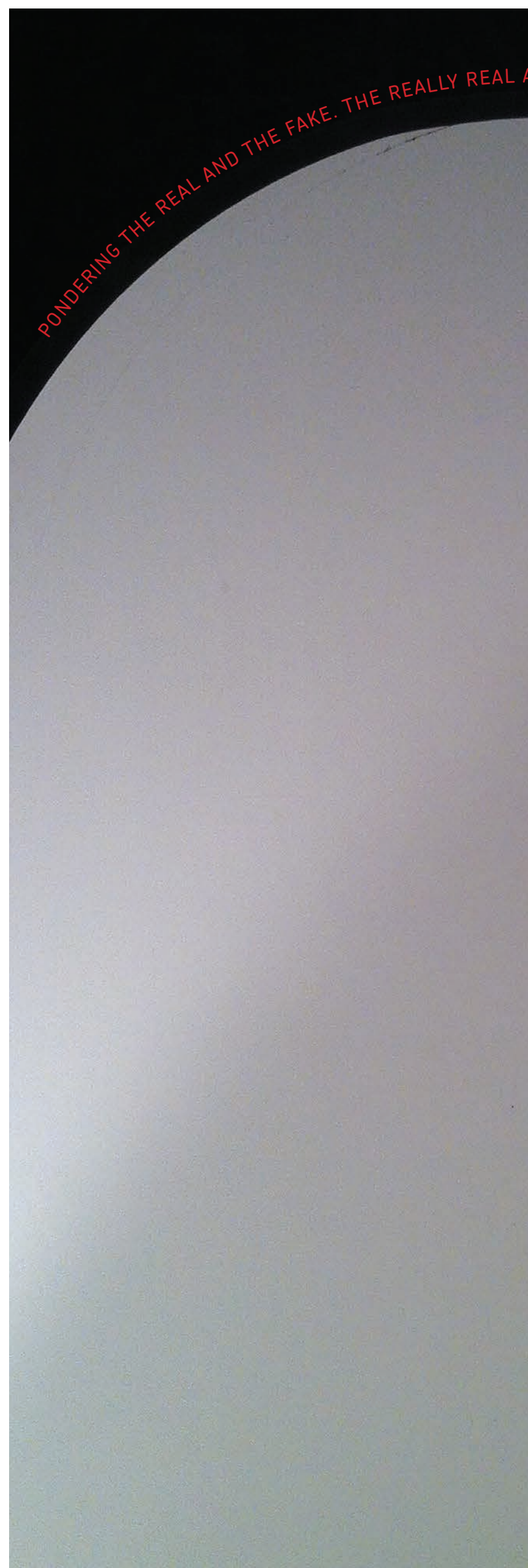
WHO EVEN CHEWS GUM? AND WHO SPITS IT ALL OUT? HOW LONG DOES IT HAVE TO BE HERE BEFORE IT GETS THIS HARD? IT'S EMBEDDED. I GLIMPSE HOME IN THE GUM, THE COUNTRY IN THE CITY.

MOCKING ITALIAN PIZZA PARLOURS AND PARISIAN BISTROS, OUTSIDE INSIDE. CUSTOMERS ARE INVITED TO SIT IN THESE OUTSIDE SPACES AND GAZE ON THE PEOPLE IDLING PAST AND → 9



to do? Shop, eat, view but mostly it's a demand: keep moving. No loitering. Caught on camera, we wave. Snail's pace in peloton form through. The gazers become the gazed. Nervous shifts on too-high coffee bar stools. Branded restaurant clientele look harder at us, and then away in puzzlement. We return every look. Photobooth with stool but no camera. A lit cross fills the space where mirrored glass and lens usually sit. Lynne hams it up. We investigate and draw in the press of authority. Black and gold. Boots. Badges. 'It's for the *Fifty Shades of Grey* premiere', they say. Redundant media technologies provoke the greatest nostalgia. The curtain. The coins. The giddy squash of more than you in the booth. Photobooth selfie a poor substitute. We harpoon xxxx years of technological development in one fumbled click. Katy finds the fossilised floor. Pondering the real and the fake. The really real and the really fake, the fakest real and the fakest fake. Escalator down to love. Love is allowed. Some love. Spontaneity harnessed and sold back to us. We get close. But not too close. We can pause here, linger even. But could we sit down? Could we sleep? Past the brands and out through doors that open for us. A map swap and a new leader. Hotels that were council offices, bars that were banks, coffee shops that were insurance brokers. The financial heart of Leeds. Leeds' flora and fauna: Lions, Griffins, Owls, Horses. Angels. Do Angels count? Writing love hearts. State-sanctioned love is pondered. What wouldn't be allowed? 'I love Jimmy Saville?' says Rachel to gasps of perverse laughter. 'Oh my god yes!' Imagine the faces when they read that one. Disturbing bourgeois complacency, one heart at a time. Buses, heavier rain, suits en masse, wheeled cases on flagstones; the route to the railway 4.35pm.

Butts Court. Short Street. Leeds' shops are revealed to be all Queen Anne front and Queen Mary back. Service entrance. Multi-story. Commercial bins. Carmelia leads us up and through. Albion Street. Across the traffic. Collect at the kerb and take a risk. Through The Core we talk Brazil. Brasilia was built for the car. A utopia that never lived up to its promise, like Birmingham. Even my city has a small Brasilia, say Carmelia. Queens Arcade ahead. We take a left and plump for Thornton's instead. Narrow, lit, covered space. 18??. It's all about the timing. The Ivanhoe Clock welcomes us with its elaborate chime. Le quotidien merveilleux. Robin Hood, Friar Tuck and Richard the Lionheart. We gaze up in wonder. And silence, chat drowned out by clanging chimes. Remarks are made about Robin's shapely legs. I check the details on Wikipedia. Pigeons aren't welcome, Katy notices. Tom comes out of Welcome, his skateshop. Chance encounters. Yeah Emily mentioned it. Sadly she couldn't be here. Gentleman's outfitters. Ironwork and tiles. Elaborate fruit and veg abound from the ceiling rose. 'Is it anything to do with Thornton's chocolate?' Unanswered questions pondered. The sumptuous delights of consuming. Scopophilic pleasures. Elegant slopes guide us onto Briggate. Bridge Gate. Street to the Bridge. 5.10pm. Friday. Cross cutting the vertical crowd. Another arcade: County. Matcham's grand vision. Locally kilned pottery, ironwork. Hunslet? Burmantofts? Victorian values etched into the ceiling. Civic virtues. Pomegranates fit to burst. Labour. Tiles. Splendour. Sewing machines. Leeds' past? Its history of cloth, textiles, wool. Tailoring. Nicely captured by the repetition of the display. All Saints. Candid Camera. No, it's like that in all their shops. West Village, NYC: Sewing machines. Pomo trickery. The invisible class and race wall. Watch the shift. Beep Beep Beep we're leaving. It's letting us know it knows. Gap on the landscape; promises of pleasures to come: The 'John Lewis' effect. Men's names. Men's names. Men's names. Down Vicar Lane up Fish Street. Ginnels. Nature takes its revenge. The return of the repressed: ferns in gutters, a bloom from the hopper head. Music, dankness, the tanning salon really wants us: tempting passersby with → 13



GAZING IN TO SHOPS. WHY DO EATERS GET TO GAZE NOT SHOPPERS? THE MEN WHO STARE AT COATS. WE SLOW DOWN TO TRY AND FREAK THEM OUT. HOW SLOW DO WE HAVE TO MOVE BEFORE SECURITY CHECK US OUT? DOES SITTING DOWN BECOME THE HEIGHT OF REBELLION? SITTING IN A NON-DESIGNATED SIT ZONE.

EDUCATION, IMAGINATION, RAMBLINGS AND RUMINATIONS

WE SLOW DOWN TO A CRAWL BUT WE'RE NOT **BOLD** ENOUGH TO STAND AND STARE BACK AT THEM. YOU'RE ALLOWED TO BE A STARER BUT NOT IF YOU'RE CAFFEINE FREE.

THERE ARE NO SMELLS OF FOOD INSIDE THE LIGHT. RESTAURANTS HERE A MORE STERILE. LESS INVITING WITH THEIR PSEUDO-OUTDOORS. WHY DO THEY GET TO LOOK AT US? LET'S STOP AND STARE AT THEM TO FREAK THEM OUT. GIGGLES NO I CAN'T DO IT IT'S TOO WEIRD.

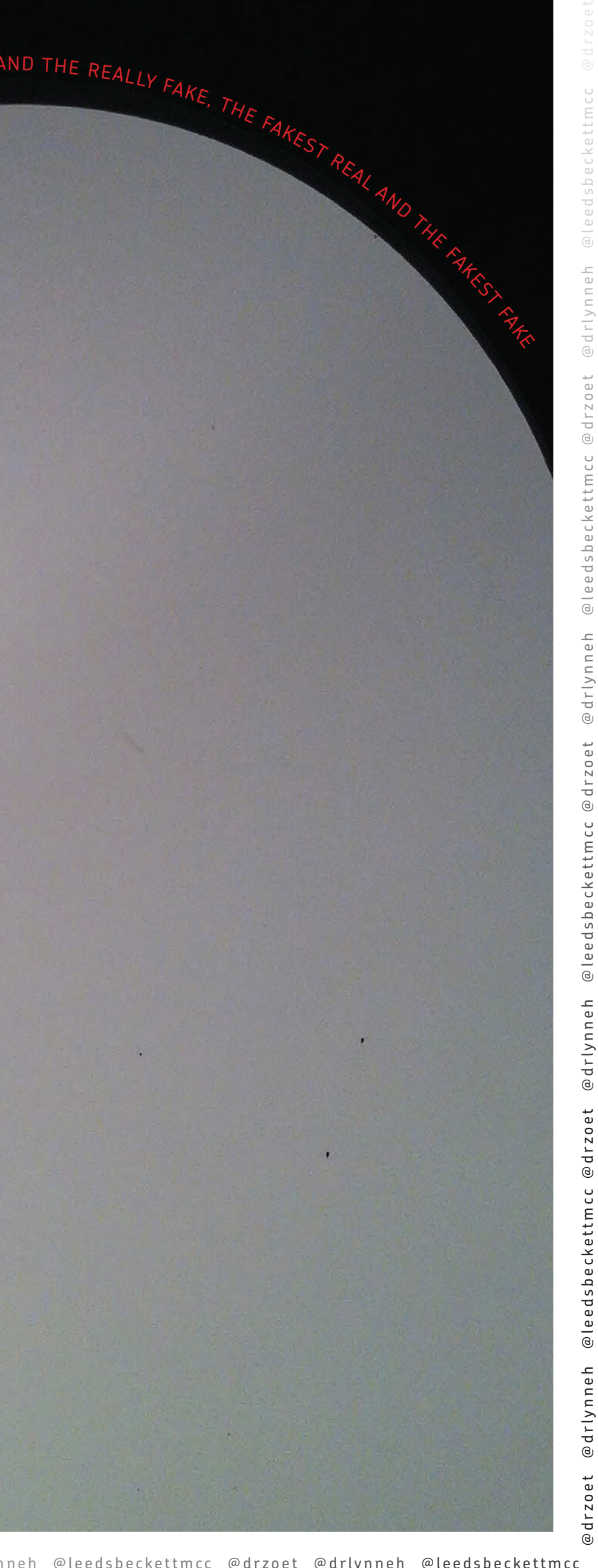
WHY IS IT CALLED THE LIGHT? IS IT LIT UP?

A SHORT SKIRT ON THE FIFTY SHADES BOOTH ENSURES NO HANKY PANKY. MOVE ALONG NOW, LADIES. IT'S FREE! THE GUYS ANNOUNCE. IT'S NOT OPEN YET THOUGH. OH WE THOUGHT IT WAS A SELFIE BOOTH. NO.

THE HEARTS OFFER A PLACE TO STAND AND LOITER. MESSAGES OF LOVE. IS LEEDS A GLOBAL CITY? THE POSTS HERE MAKE IT LOOK LIKE IT IS. WHAT'S IT HIDING? PUT YOUR HEART ON YOUR SLEEVE, LEAVE YOUR HEART ON A BOARD. ARE YOU LEAVING ONE? NOR ME. BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE, I WALK THE LINE.

BY THE HEARTS WE BECOME AWARE OF TWO SECURITY GUARDS. HAVE THEY BEEN FOLLOWING US ALL ALONG? WHEN I WORKED IN A SHOP WE HAD TO USE CODE WORDS. COULDN'T SAY BOMB THREAT HAD TO SAY MR RED IS IN THE BUILDING. NOTHING TO REFER TO ETHNICITY, IT WAS ALL 'THERE ARE TWO BICYCLES WITH A POSSIBLE LIPSTICK EXITING THE FRONT DOOR'. MADE IT SOUND MUCH MORE GLAMOROUS THAN IT WAS.

WHAT'S WITH THE ORANGES? ARE THEY APPLES, JUST ORANGE COLOURED? MAYBE THEY'RE POMEGRANATES. DID THEY DO POMEGRANATES IN THOSE DAYS? IS THIS NOT A BIT ELABORATE FOR A FRUIT AND VEG MARKET? IS THAT A CRAB? DID ORANGES ALWAYS EVOKE HOTTER PLACES, OR DID THEY JUST SMELL WEIRD TO THE FIRST PEOPLE THAT GOT A SNIFF? I LOVE THE SOUR TANG OF THE SEVILLE, THE JUICY EASE OF THE CLEMENTINE, THE SWEET GORGING OF THE BLOOD. DID THEY ALWAYS SMELL OF THE WARMTH OF THE SUN - OR DO WE ONLY NOW THAT NOW WE KNOW WHAT SPAIN'S LIKE? → 17





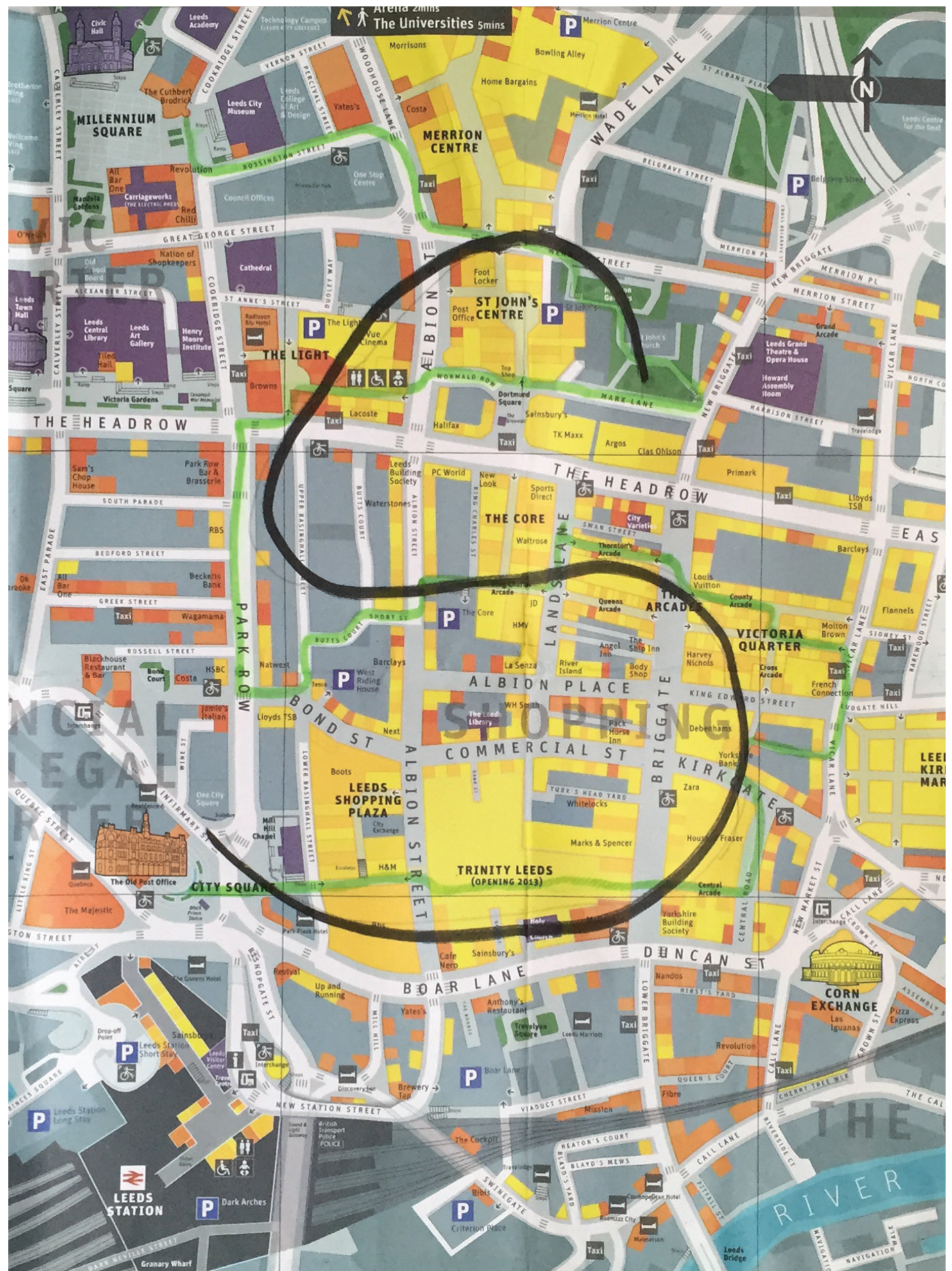
THE VOICE OF LEEDS' MAP

YELLOW, PURPLE, ORANGE: PRIMARY COLOURS DEMANDING YOUR ATTENTION, MY MODUS OPERANDI. LOOK AT ME, AND ME AND ME. BANG IN THE CENTRE. RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE. SHOPPING. SHOPPING. SHOPPING. OH AND DID I MENTION SHOPPING. I THINK YOU'LL FIND THAT IF YOU FOLLOW MY YELLOW PARTS YOU'LL BE MORE THAN ADEQUATELY SEEN TO ON THE SHOPPING FRONT. IF YOU'VE TIME, WHEN YOU'VE BEEN ROUND ALL MY YELLOW BITS, IT'S ONLY A, OH, SAY, FIVE MINUTE WALK, AS MY GRID PATTERN TELLS YOU, TO THE PURPLE BITS. YOU MIGHT LIKE

THOSE TOO. WELL, SOME OF YOU MIGHT. IT'S MY, WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL, 'RAREFIED SECTION'. CULTCHA. YOU KNOW, GALLERIES AND THAT. SIGNIFICANT CIVIC BUILDINGS. WHERE THE LIONS ARE. WHILST WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT, DID YOU KNOW THEY WERE DESIGNED BY THE SAME FELLA WHO DID THE TRAFALGAR SQUARE ONES? HE HAD A PRACTICE ON LEEDS. YES, YOU'RE RIGHT, THEY HAVEN'T WORN AS WELL AS LONDON'S. MIGHT BE THE HARSHER NORTHERN CLIMATE. BUT YOU HAVE TO REMEMBER, I AM SIGNIFICANTLY DRYER THAN MANCHESTER. HAVE YOU SEEN

MY YELLOW PARTS? HA, JUST DON'T WANT YOU TO MISS THOSE AND I KNOW YOU MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO STAY ALL DAY. OF COURSE, I'M VERY WELL CONNECTED. CHECK OUT MY DARKENED GREY WITH WHITE LETTERING BLOBS: RAILWAY, BUS AND COACH WILL GET YOU IN AND OUT IN JUST A TEN MINUTE WALK FROM WHEREVER YOU ARE. I MEAN I MUST TELL YOU I KNOW I'VE MENTIONED MY YELLOW BITS QUITE A BIT BUT I'M ALSO PRETTY KEEN ON MY ORANGE SECTIONS. YES, THANK YOU YOU'RE RIGHT, THEY DO MAKE QUITE A NICE THREAD THROUGH THE CITY. I MEAN, I DON'T CARE WHAT THEY SAY

IN THAT LONDON, I HAVE A LOT OF ORANGE. INDIE SCENE? INDEPENDENT SHOPS AND CAFES? UM, OH WELL I DON'T REALLY HAVE MUCH TO SAY ABOUT THOSE. IS IT A STUDENT THING? ANYWAY, ENOUGH OF THAT WE HAVE GOT BRANDS GALORE. ALL THE MAIN FOOD CHAINS. MULTIPLE BRANCHES IN SOME CASES. JUST IN CASE YOU WERE WONDERING WHAT NOT TO MISS THOUGH, CAN I DIRECT YOU BACK TO MY YELLOW? YES, I REALLY DO FEEL YOU SHOULD SEE IT. THE 'KNIGHTSBRIDGE OF THE NORTH', I KNOW. I DO TRY.





A WEREWOLF LANDS HEAVILY ON THE ROOF, A POOL OF **BLOOD** OOZES INTO A CEILING. THAT WOULD FREAK ME OUT TOTALLY

blaring soft rock. Tattoo parlour. Back alley cashpoint. Safe? Nightsafe. Dean wonders why anyone would. Cold bark on un-gloved hand: nature. Juxtaposed. Hemmed in. Surviving. Why just this one? Maybe there was a row, says Sarah. Sixties brutalism signals possible clues; erasure. Dean and Jack at the helm. The weird arcade with more upstairs than down, trying to hang on to Trinity's coat-tails. Greggs has gone hipster. Industrial lights hang in triumvirate over banquette seating.

Minerva. Athena? The one with the owl.

Ah, the owl. The Leeds bird. Wisdom, industry, what else? Trinity: just the latest version of all those covered spaces of commerce, spectacle and luxury. Augmented space. Interpellated via your phone. Airport. Concourse architecture. The Gruen transfer taken up many notches. The itch in your palms like in duty free. Spend spend spend. Customer lounge. Black sky through criss-cross glass. Werewolves bleed on this roof. Chrome, glass, RnB muzak. The draft that runs through. Which way? Escher-esque. Deliberate. Predictable. Hollister's darkened store beckons pre-teens to have their first fumbling nightclub feel. Apple. Always Apple. And horses? Land Securities commissioned: something big, shiny, unrelated, sure that's totally fine: think spectacle, the wow-factor. Dean talks gates. The church gate is special, ornate, marked out. Criss-cross commuters. 'Scuse-me.' 'Sorry!' One big foot. Marble. To sit on. 'And what about the dog benches', says Fi. 'You know the ones by Smiths?' Map check. Where are we? Mill Hill Chapel. All faiths welcome. Cold blast. Full rain. Pink fingers clasping umbrellas or defiantly pushed into pockets.

City Square. Traffic roar. Morn and Even atop their plinths. The city's fathers and the Black Prince. To the owls, can you see them? Silhouettes through early evening darkness. There's one! And another. Is that one? No it's a vent. Fi has to go. Passing the Black Prince to leave. Stuck to his base: Frozen's Hans. Fitting. Metal balls set deep deny the grinders. The square's one final flourish: Conway and Young's *Colliding at the Corner* and its thrilling invitation: 'Imagine the Loop Road is Closed.

Close your Eyes and Breathe Through Your Nostrils'. The Adelphi beckons via Boar Lane, through persistent precipitation. Cross Leeds Bridge. Where it all started. Louis Le Prince through that window. 1888. Well before the Lumiere Bros. All his fault. Into lit Victoriana-cum-Hipster retreat. Open fire. Yes! Warmth works and unfolds us into velvet benches. We've lost Carmelia. 'Any drinks guys?' 'Menu, love?' Fitchy works his charm. Now the jam jars come out. The mystery solved. Make a snow globe. A tourist kitschitty that covers in glass something prized. Capture in your jar something you noticed about Leeds, that you want more of, or less of. Something you saw you hadn't seen before. Elevate the mundane, prize the debris. Lego, glitter, glue, lolly sticks, pipe cleaners. Industrious creativity ensues. **Urban Constellators turn their eye to the overlooked:** a perch for pigeons; the oldest church and the tree lights; commuters, clubbers, shoppers; the layers of Leeds' past just metres below its shiny surface; security guards, skeletons and spectacles:

the multiplicities of the city.



READING SURFACES,
 DEMYTHOLOGISING THE CITY,
 TURNING THE SPACE 'AGAINST THE GRAIN'

MAPS ARE IMAGES, REPRESENTATIONS,
 PICTURES, POWER. THE BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF
 THE LAND; THE RATIONAL INSTRUMENT OF
 SPATIAL ORDER AND CONTROL. TAKE A MAP, ANY
 MAP. TAKE, FOR INSTANCE, THE TOURIST MAP
 OF LEEDS. WHAT DOES IT WANT US TO KNOW
 ABOUT THE CITY? WHAT STORY DOES THIS MAP
 SEEK TO TELL? WHAT, FOR EXAMPLE, IS AT THE
 CENTRE OF THE MAP OF LEEDS, WHERE DOES
 THE MAP WISH TO DIRECT OUR GAZE? HOW
 DOES IT TELL US WHAT IT WANTS OF US?




SEE WHAT WE'RE UP TO NEXT: WWW.MEDIAPLACERESEARCH.CO.UK

FOR OUR NEXT URBAN EXPLORATION WE'RE LEAVING THE CITY,
 ZOË THOMPSON'S BOOK **URBAN CONSTELLATIONS** IS AVAILABLE FROM
 ASHGATE, WWW.ASHGATE.COM/ISBN/9781872272229
 SHARE YOUR OWN URBAN CONSTELLATING USING #URBANCONST

SCOPOPHILIC PLEASURES. ELEGANT SLOPP

A photograph of a concrete floor with a grid pattern. The floor is composed of large, light-colored concrete slabs separated by dark expansion joints. One joint runs vertically from the bottom left towards the center, and another runs horizontally across the middle. A red text overlay is positioned diagonally across the lower half of the image, following the path of the horizontal joint. The text is in a bold, sans-serif font and reads: "ES GUIDES US ONTO BRIGGATE. BRIDGE GATE. STREET TO THE BRIDGE. 5.10PM. FRIDAY. CROSS CUTTING THE VERTICAL CROWD".

ES GUIDES US ONTO BRIGGATE. BRIDGE GATE. STREET TO THE BRIDGE. 5.10PM. FRIDAY. CROSS CUTTING THE VERTICAL CROWD



DISTURBING BOURGEOIS COMPLACENCY: ONE HEART AT A TIME. BUSES. HEAVIER RAIN. SUITS EN MASSE, V



CONSTELLATIONS CONVERSATIONS PARTICIPATIONS

I'VE NEVER BEEN DOWN HERE BEFORE! NOT LIKELY TO AGAIN EITHER. WHITE TRANSIT VAN - HAS TO BE FULL OF DEAD BODIES. WHO COMES TO THIS CAFÉ? YOU'D NEVER SEE IT. MUST BE A FRONT.

WHAT'S WITH THE FEET? IS THAT SIGNIFICANT? NOT EVEN A SHOE SHOP IS IT. IS IT A MAP?

A TIGHT SQUEEZE IN THE SHOPPING CENTRE FADES PINK YELLOW GREEN BLUE. WHY HIGHLIGHT THIS AREA? BRUTALIST BUILDINGS.

A WEREWOLF LANDS HEAVILY ON THE ROOF, A POOL OF BLOOD OOZES INTO A CEILING. THAT WOULD FREAK ME OUT, TOTALLY.

WALKING, TALKING. IT'S BEEN SHOWN TO COMBAT DEPRESSION. JOINT WALKING'S GREAT - WE FOCUS ON DIFFERENT THINGS, SEE THE FAMILIAR IN NEW WAYS.

WE STOP AND LOOK UP AT A TREE. HOW OLD IS IT? HOW DO YOU TELL? WHO CAN DO TREES? WHY IS THIS TREE, HERE?

ZOË PROMISES LEEDS IS FULL OF ANIMALS, ASK CHILDREN TO FIND THEM AND THEY'LL SPOT THEM EVERYWHERE. I CAN'T SEE ANY. AT THE TOWN HALL WE COUNT OWLS - ONE, TWO, THREE. NOW THEY'RE EVERYWHERE.

WHERE IS CARMELIA? LOST OR LEFT? SOME PEOPLE FELL OFF THE ROUTE BEFORE IT BEGAN - APOLOGIES, REGRETS, EXCUSES. AT THE LIBRARY WE NEARLY DOUBLE OUR NUMBERS IMMEDIATELY WHEN AN INTERESTED PARTY LATCHES ON. JOIN US! THERE ARE 16 OF US. OH - JOIN US? WE'LL KEEP IN TOUCH. OTHERS FALL OFF ALONG THE WAY OR JOIN PART WAY THROUGH. COUNTING THEM OUT, NOT COUNTING THEM ALL BACK IN AGAIN.

FORMATIONS, MUTATIONS, URBAN CONSTELLATIONS, CONVERSATIONS.

LOUIS LE PRINCE'S BRIDGE, AND ...

THE ADELPHI - MAGICAL! REAL FIRE, AND A DOOR! 'LYNNE AND FRIENDS' - IT'S RIGHT, BY THIS STAGE. LOVELY STAFF, GREAT FOOD, WARM WARM WARM. LEGO! AND THEY BROUGHT JAM JARS! DOGS IN THE MUSEUM. MATT AND ME SWAP DOG PHOTOS. NO DOGS ON THE STREETS BUT THEY'RE IN OUR PHONES, IN OUR HOMES, IN OURSELVES. NO PIGEONS!

viñettes

reflect
in format

Chickens
Rabbit
Sparrows

your

Mobile Phones

info, Photos, History /

of the writing
route of 200

Stones
Tory

→ cont

next events

W.M. - 200

chance encounters

Things We

A hand-drawn mind map on a white background. The central node is the word "Zines" written in blue ink. Three branches extend from "Zines":

- A branch to the right labeled "Melanie Maddison" in blue ink.
- A branch to the top right labeled "Shape + Structure" in blue ink.
- A branch to the bottom left labeled "DIY" in blue ink, which is enclosed in a hand-drawn orange circle.

 There are also some orange scribbles and lines around the branches, and a small orange circle at the top right.

Fire days with
Ricky Wilk

39

[illegible]

C. J. Jones

Simone →
Shane
Pyro

Urban Constellating took place on 13 February 2015 in Leeds, West Yorkshire. It was one of a series of events hosted by the Media and Place research cluster at Leeds Beckett University. The text was written by Zoë Thompson and Lynne Hibberd. Thanks to everyone who took part.

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A photograph of a person's hand holding a map over a city street. The person is wearing a red long-sleeved shirt. The map is held up, showing a street grid with various colored areas. The background is a blurred city street scene.

MAPS CAN BE A BIT OVERBEARING YOU SEE. AS YOU CAN TELL FROM LEEDS,
IT'S A LOT OF PRESSURE TO BE THE 'OFFICIAL VERSION' OF SOMEWHERE.
BUT WHAT IF WE DON'T WANT TO LISTEN TO THAT STORY? WHAT IF WE
WANT TO FIND A DIFFERENT THREAD
THROUGH? LET'S BORROW SOME
TECHNIQUES, LET'S SHAKE
THINGS UP A BIT. WHAT'S
YOUR NAME? WHAT'S YOUR
FAVOURITE LETTER IN YOUR
NAME? TAKE A PEN, AND TAKE YOUR
MAP. DRAW YOUR FAVOURITE LETTER
ACROSS ITS CENTRE. WALK THAT LETTER.
STAY AS CLOSE AS POSSIBLE TO THE CONTOURS
OF THAT LETTER. SEE WHAT YOU NOTICE, HEAR, SMELL,
TASTE. WHAT YOU HAVEN'T SEEN BEFORE, STREETS,
BACKSTREETS, GINNELS, CUT-THROUGHS, LANES YOU'VE NEVER HAD CAUSE TO
GO DOWN, SOUNDS, OVERHEARD CONVERSATIONS. LOOK UP, LOOK DOWN BUT
FOLLOW YOUR LETTER. YOUR LETTER. YOUR NAME. AND RECORD, REMEMBER,
MIS-REMEMBER, EVERYTHING. THEN TELL THE STORY. YOUR STORY OF YOUR
CITY. YOUR TOWN. YOUR VILLAGE. YOUR PLACE.